Dear Harold,

Sorry I haven't written for so long, but I've been tremendously occupied, and I honestly haven't had a chance. I was doing a lot of work for McCarthy, plus I'm working full time for the summer.

I spent last week getting an education in democracy in our city of brotherly love, Chicago. I imagine that you heard about Mayor Daley's gestapo. After what I saw last week, I can imagine how it must have been in Europe twenty-five years ago when Hitler's troops marched across the Continent. I somehow feel that the word pigs isn't strong enough for the Chicago police.

Luckily I returned in one piece with nothing more than the memory of the taste of teargas, but the things I witnessed will stay with me much longer than the gas will. On Monday, the night the convention opened, I joined a group of about 35 people who began a march down Michigan Avenue chanting Julian Bond. Most of us were New Yorkers who had been assigned to the Chicago Sheraton by the McCarthy headquarters so that we could be of assistance to the New York delegation. After the Georgia challenge failed, we felt that we should demonstrate our contempt for the delegates who had voted against it, so we began our march toward the Hilton which, besides being the headquarters of Humphrey and McCarthy, was also the headquarters of such delegations as Texas and Mississippi. When we reached the Hilton we were pelted by bottles and lightbulbs from the windows of the Texas delegation while the pigs stood by laughing and refusing to raise so much as a finger in our behalf. Many of them were anxiously fingering their nightsticks billyclubs, hoping that we would give them some excuse to use them on our skulls.

I was also in Grant Park at the rally when the pigs decided that the act of a demonstrator lowering the flag to half staff was provocation enough for them to wade into the crowd swinging their sticks, despite the fact that it

the stage, the rally leaders were pleading with the police to withdraw. Yippie marshals moved in between the crowd and the police to push back the crowd in an attempt to avoid an incident, and on the stage they were saying into the microphones that the world was watching and that their would be no doubt who the provocateurs were if the police advanced. A chant of ~~xxxx~~ " the whole world is watching " erupted, but this only seemed to incense the pigs who formed a wedge and torpedoed themselves into the crowd. I saw one marshal get his head split open, and a young boy of about [illegible] sent to the hospital when he caught a billyclub above the left eye.

Later that day I was tear gased on Michigan Avenue when so far as I could see, nothing was happening at all except that a few people, most of them bystanders and not hippies, were gathering in an area near the bridge which goes over the railroad tracks and into Grant Park across from the Hilton. I guess that crowds should expect tear gas when they are in a police state.

Most of the rest of what I saw was from the windows of the Hilton on Wednesday, and that was only too vividly shown on national television. It certainly was a week I will always remember. I only wish that every racist in this country who stores a gun in his basement and yells for law and order could have been in Chicago last week, and had been gutt~~x~~at the mercy of the Chicago police.

Incidently, Andy has been in Chicago working for McCarthy for several months, and I saw him while I was there. He's a paid member of McCarthy's staff, and even had credentials for getting into the convention. As a matter of fact, he introduced me to McCarthy's daughters and his neice. He, t[illegible], had a nice experience. Thursday morning he had to go to the convention hall to pick up something, and he was dragged from the McCarthy staff car ~~hx~~ was driving and searched while a National Guardsman held a rifle on him. He called me this morning. He's still in Chicago where he has a white girl friend. He's planning to come back to New York

shortly, and he says Paul O'Dwyer has offered him a staff job with him.

Since Chicago I've been working with the New York branch of the New Party which is headed by Marcus Raskin who was the chairman of the Coalition for a Democratic Alternative which managed McCarthy's national campaign. In this state the branch is the Coalition for an Independent Candidate, and our plans are to put McCarthy on the ballot as an independent. We need fifty valid signatures from each county, and twelve thousand in the entire state. We have a similar aim for Paul O'Dwyer, and at this point we feel to be the key to the whole question. The deadline is [illegible] and we are in very good shape with McCarthy, but the [illegible] are weak in a few counties on O'Dwyer. I have been [illegible] a few times myself helping out in the weak counties. The [illegible] is that McCarthy has indicated that he will allow his name to be placed on the ballot only if Paul O'Dwyer is there also. McCarthy feels that being on the same [illegible] as O'Dwyer will help O'Dwyer beat Javits in November, but he is willing for his name to appear on the ballot. If we do not qualify O'Dwyer, chances are that McCarthy will withdraw his name. Incidentally, the reason that he withdrew his name in Iowa was that Hughes felt that McCarthy's name on that ballot would jeopardize his own chances of winning the Senate race in that state.

Nothing else too much is new. I'm no longer an active member of the committee, as Trent and I had several disagreements on both how the committee should be run and what its course of action should be. I am still in touch with Carol Jackson, however, and we are working together on several projects, although they are now taking a back seat to my other activities which I feel are more important at the moment. The Kennedy assassination covered us only as a spin-off of the sickness that engulfs the entire system, and although the time has come when we can attempt a revival of that system. That is the only way in which we can [illegible] the next assassination.